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# LETTER

CONCERNING

# SEPARATION,

Written formerly by a

## Reverend Author;

And recommended to All ( especially the truly Christian and Honest-minded ) Members of the Separation within this Distracted and Divided Kingdom.

Rom. 16. v. 17. *Now I beseech you, Brethren, Mark them which cause Divisions, &c.*

Jude. 19. *These be they who Separate themselves, Sensual, having not the Spirit.*

2. Cor. 13. v. 11. — *Be of one Mind, live in Peace; and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you.*




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London, Printed for W. D. 1681.

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The Publisher to the well-minded Reader.

**T**He Demeanor and Language of the Conceited Zealot says, Stand by thy self, come not near to Me, I am Holyer than Thou: *That of the Pharisee, God I thank thee, that I am not as other men are. The sentiments and expressions of both combined, make one Modern Separatist. Saint Paul's Dialect on the other hand is, We beseech you, Brethren, mark them which cause Divisions, and avoid them. And his motive is founded on this Reason, That he who Loveth not his Brother whom he hath seen (and can be said to love his Brother who separates and divides from him?) how can he love God whom he hath not seen? Our Blessed Saviour has therefore (who best might) umpired the business, and assured you, That by this shall all men know you to be his Disciples, if you love one another. In the name, and for the sake of our Common Saviour, I call upon you my Brethren of the Separation (unless you value them who abuse the Holy name of Jesus more than Jesus himself) That you weigh and duly ponder our Blessed Saviours words, and study the Advice of his Apostle Sr. Paul. And you will then upon mature calm thoughts not be so ready to inveigh against the MISCHIEF of IMPOSITIONS, as to abhor the UNREASONABLENESS of SEPARATION. In a word, since Charity is the most extensive, and Humility the foundation of all Christian Graces; whether it be more equal, That the Established Laws Ecclesiastical should vail to private humour, or you our brethren of the Separation, kindly and modestly submit your selves to these Laws, let your own private Consciences be the Sole Judges.*

To Mr. Smith and Mr. Rob. Ring-leaders of the late Separation at Amsterdam.

Ep. 1. *Setting forth their injury done to the Church, the Injustice of your Cause, and Fearfulness of their Offence: Censuring and Advising them.*



**W**E bear of your *SEPARATION*, and *Mourn*; yet not so much for *Tou*, as for your *Wrong*: You could not do a greater *Injury* to your Mother than to *flie* from Her. Say she were *Poor, Ragged, Weak*; say she were *Deformed*; yet she is not *Infectious*: Or if she were, yet she is *yours*. This were Cause enough for you to *Lament* her, to *Pray* for her, to labour for her Redress; not to *Avoid* Her: This unnaturalness is shameful, and more heinous in you, who are reported, not *Parties* in this Evil, but *Authors*: Your *Flight* is not so much as your *Mis-guidance*. Plead not: This fault is past excuse. If we should *All* follow *Tou*, this were the way, of a *Church* (as you plead) imperfect, to make *no Church*; and of a *Remedy* to make a *Disease*. Still the fruit of our *Charity* to you is, besides our *Grief, Pity*. Your *Zeal* of Truth has *mised* you, and you others; a *Zeal*, if *Honest*, yet *Blind-folded*, and led by *Self-will*.

*Oh that you loved Peace but half so well as Truth!* then this *Breach* had never been; and you that are yet *Brethren* had been still *Companions*. Go out of *Babylon*, you say; the Voice not of *Schism*, but of *Holiness*. Know you where you are? Look about you, I beseech you, look behind you; and see if we have not left it upon our Backs. She her self feels, and sees that she is *Abandoned*; and complains to all the World, that we have not only *forsaken*, but *spoyl'd* Her; and yet you say, *COME OUT OF BABYLON*.

And except you will be willingly *Blind*, you may see the *Heaps* of her *Altars*, the *Ashes* of her *Idols*, the *Ruines* of her *Monuments*, the *Condemnation* of her *Errors*, the *Revenge* of her *Abominations*. And are we *Tet* in *Babylon*? Is *Babylon Tet* among us?

Where are the *main Buildings* of that *ACCURSED CITY*? Those high and proud *Towers* of that *Universal Hierarchy*; *Infalible Judg-ment*, *Dispensations* with the *Laws of God*, and *sins of Men*: *Dispo-sition* of *Kingdoms* and *Deposition* of *Princes*, parting *stakes* with *God* in our *Conversion*, through *Freedom of Will*; in our *Salvation*, through the *Merit* of our *Works*? Where are those *Rotten* heaps (rotten, not through *Age*, but *Corruption* of *Transubstantiating* of *Bread*, *Adoring* of *Images*, multitude of *Sacraments*, power of *Indulgencies*, necessity of *Confession*, profit of *Pilgrimages*, constrained and approved *Ignorance*, unknown *Devotions*? Where are those deep *Vaults* (if not *Mines*) of *Pennances* and *Purgatories*, and whatsoever else hath been devised by those *Popelings*, whether profitable or glorious, against the *Lord* and his *Christ*? Are they not all razed, and buried in the *Dust*? Hath not the *Majesty* of her *Gods*, like as was done to *Mithra* and *Serapis*, been long ago offer'd to the publick laughter of the *Vulgar*? What is this but to go, yea, to run (if not to *flie*) out of *Babylon*? But as every man is an hearty *Patron* of his own *Actions*, and it is a desperate Cause  
that



that hath no Plea ) you alledge our comorting in Ceremonies, and say, still we tarry in the Suburbs. Grant that these were as ill as an Enemy can make them, or can pretend them: You are deceived, if you think the Walls of *Babylon* stand upon *Ceremonies*.

*Substantial Errors* are both her Foundation and Frame.

These Ritual observations are not so much as Tile and Reed, rather like to some Fan upon the Roof; for Ornament, more than use: not parts of the Building but necessary Appendances. If you take them otherwise, you wrong the Church; if thus, and yet depart, you wrong it and your self: As if you would have persuaded Righteous *Lot* not to stay in *Zoar*, because it was so near *Sodom*. I fear, if you had seen the Money-changers in the Temple, however you would have pray'd or taught there: Christ did it, not forsaking the place but scourging the Offenders: And this is the Valour of Christian Teachers: To oppose Abuses, not to run away from them: Where shall you not thus find *Babylon*? Would you have run from *Geneva* because of her Wafers? Or from *Corinth*, for her disorder'd Love Feasts? Either run out of the World, or your flight is Vain. If experience of Change teach you not, that you shall find your *Babylon* every where, return not. Compare the place you have left, with that you have chosen: Let not fear of seeming to repent over-soon, make you partial. Lo, there a common harbour of all Opinions, of all Heresies; if not a mixture. Here you drew in the free and clear Air of the Gospel, without that odious composition of *Judaism*, *Arrianism*, *Anabaptism*: There you live in the stench of these and more. You are unworthy of pity, if you will approve your misery. Say, if you can, That the *Church of England* (if she were not yours) is not an Heaven to *Amsterdam*. How is it then, that our Gnats are harder to swallow, than their Camels? And that whilst all Christendom magnifies our happiness and applauds it; your handful alone, so detests our Enormities, that you despise our Graces? See whether in this you make not God a loser.

The thanks of all his favours is lost, because you want more: and in the mean time, who gains by this Sequestration, but *Rome* and *Hell*? How do they insult in this Advantage, that our Mother's own Children condemn her for Unclean, that we are dayly weakened by our Divisions, that the rude multitude hath so palpable a motive to distrust us? Sure, you intended it not: but if you had been their hired Agent you could not have done our Enemies greater service.

The God of Heaven open your Eyes, that you may see the injustice of that Zeal which hath transported you: and turn your heart to an endeavour of all Christian satisfaction: otherwise, your Souls shall find too late, that it had been a Thousand times better to swallow a Ceremony, than to rend a Church: yea, That even Whoredoms and Murders shall abide an easier Answer than *SEPARATION*. I have done if only I have advised you of that fearful threatening of the *Wise man*. *The Eye that mocketh his FATHER, and despiseth the Government of his MOTHER, The Ravens of the Valley shall pick it out, and the young Eagles eat it.*

F I N I S.